MARGARET TODD

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

Margaret Todd

(1888 -)

In 1909 Miss Todd's father, Robert Todd, brought his wife and family to Hawaii from their native Scotland. An experienced dairy farmer, he had been asked to manage Samuel Mills Damon's home-dairy at Moanalua and, under his management, Moanalua Dairy produced "a prize baby milk" from pure Jersey cattle.

At Sam Damon's request, Miss Todd immediately went to work as a clerk in the savings department of Bishop and Company bank (now First Hawaiian Bank) where she was employed until her retirement in 1953. During World War I she became the first woman commercial teller in the Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Todd, a born storyteller, has been an alert and astute observer of the social, cultural, and historical developments in Hawaii throughout her years here. Her recollections are a source of varied information about Scotland and Hawaii; about people and their interests; about events and their circumstances.

Katherine B. Allen, Interviewer

INTERVIEW WITH MISS MARGARET TODD

At her Manoa home, 2625 Anuenue Street, Honolulu, 96822

June 6, 1972

T: Margaret Todd

A: Kathy Allen, Interviewer

T: I was born on August 6, 1888 on a little farm where my father worked that was quite well-known in Scottish history, not because I was born there, but because Drochil Castle, built by the Earl of Morton, was right by that farm on the same grounds. He was the one that expected to marry Mary Queen of Scots but they were hounded out and the castle never got a roof on it. I think you can still see the ruins of Drochil Castle today. I always put down my birthplace as Drochil Castle, Parish of Newlands, Peebles-shire, Scotland.

Peebles is a very picturesque inland town situated on the River Tweed, which is a very well-known river for trout and salmon fishing. Salmon go up there to spawn. It's a little hilly place, sort of a summer resort for the people from Edinburgh and Glasgow, and ever since I was born almost it had a great big hotel, known as a hydropathic or health spa, that was built just like a German castle with a huge glass conservatory having in it everything they grow in the tropical zone. It was built by a German and had mineral springs nearby. Rich Americans would come there if they wanted to get fat or they wanted to get thin or if they wanted exercise. A lot of the champion games of Britain at that time were played on that tennis court. They had bridle paths and hiking paths through the woods.

About 1907 or 1908, on the top floor of this seven- or eight-storied castle, where the maids and servants were, someone left an electric iron on and it started up and the walls burned like matchwood. Nobody lost his life because most of them were downstairs at dinner, but the little local fire engines didn't have a hose long enough to reach the roof and they had to send twenty-six miles away to Edinburgh and by the time they got there on horses it was hopeless. They couldn't do anything but play water on it to keep it from going. But the amazing thing, the conservatory didn't burn. They rebuilt the hotel--not like a cas-

tle, because prices had gone up even then--in a modern Swiss style. There was no place in the town that could take care of the crowd so they had to come all the way from Edinburgh with two special trains to take them back in their evening gowns and dinner suits to the hotels there. So that's one of the highlights of my remembrances of Peebles.

There was a very large fair or exhibition in Glasgow in 1908. It was the first one I had ever been at and they ran a special excursion train all the way from Peebles to Glasgow. All I can remember, it was the first time I'd ever seen Japanese. They had a beautiful exhibit from Japan and the girls just looked like pictures, with all the make-up that they put on and not a hair out of place.

Another that impressed me very much was the Russians' --the Cossacks, who were great big handsome fellows, in their long tunics, high boots, and astrakhan hats. To show some of their animals, they had stuffed wolves and polar bears sitting around in a great big display. The whole thing was built over the Kelvin River which flows through Glasgow and they had a big art building which was going to stay permanently. (Details of this fair are edited out.)

A: What about your parents and their names?

T: My mother's own name was Margaret McIntosh but I wasn't named after her. I was named after my father's mother who's also Margaret. I don't know if families in America do it, but in Scotland they very often name the first granddaughter after the mother's mother and the second, after the father's mother; and, on down the line, they usually name them after the sisters. So my older sister is named Jane after my mother's mother, Jane Ketchan, and I am named after my father's mother, whose name was Margaret Hogg.

My grandfather's name on my father's side was Robert Todd and he married Margaret Hogg. My father's name was Robert Todd and he married Margaret McIntosh. My mother's mother, Jane Ketchan, married James McIntosh.

James Hogg was known as "the Ettrick Shepherd" and he lived about the time of Sir Walter Scott. [Hogg, 1770-1835; Scott, 1771-1832--both Scottish poets.] Ettrick is a district down by St. Mary's Loch where he had a small farm and he was known as "the Shepherd Poet."

There's a very famous inn down by this good-sized inland loch and it's known as Tibbie Shields. It has a lot of old history. It still stands today as a roadhouse. She, Tibbie, was one of these wise old innkeepers. They had liquor laws in Scotland and they couldn't serve liquor

on Sunday. Some of these inns would serve it to a traveler but they couldn't serve it to a local. You couldn't walk into the Moana Hotel and ask for a beer unless you'd come from Waialua, for example. Of course, it was a country place and they used to come from certain distances and she was supposed to find out and not serve it.

The story goes that an internal revenue man, who pretended he was not, slipped in there and gave her a gold piece--a sovereign--for some liquor. Of course he expected change, but he got no change and he couldn't arrest her. It was a present he was giving her; she wasn't selling it. So she didn't get caught. (laughter) She lived to be an old lady in her nineties. And I think that James Hogg, who was my grandmother's uncle or granduncle, lived to a pretty good age too. I do know that James Hogg used to foregather there quite often and Sir Walter Scott came to live in the district of Abbotsford from Edinburgh.

I had two sisters and one brother who died in infancy.

A: What do you recall of your early days?

T: Well, I went to the public school in Peebles. Drochil Castle was in the country, about seventeen miles from Peebles, then my parents moved in within half a mile of the town of Peebles. At that time I went to the elementary public school and I remember we had a Miss Murray as principal. She was supposed to be a very fine teacher. Around the home and in the playground we spoke dialect. In the school, we had to speak English. One word of Scotch and we'd get a bad mark.

It was compulsory to go to school when you were five. I went to Miss Murray's kindergarten with my sister when I was about four and a half. I wouldn't stay home. My sister was very quiet and we had all kinds of youngsters. They might be accused of talking out of turn or yelling and they'd blame my sister for it when they knew it wasn't her fault. So she was called forward, asked to put out her hand, and was given three or four straps with a [leather] tawse. I went up to defend her and I told the teacher, "Look here! My sister did not do that and what's more, it's her first day of school and you've no right to punish her." She didn't punish me but she took me by the shoulders and gave me an awful good shaking and she told me to sit down. That was my first recollection of going to kindergarten.

We continued in that school up to the second grade and began in the third grade at another school and proceeded to the sixth grade. That's the school that my father's cousin, James Todd, was headmaster of.

My father happened to come from a big family of ten

children. You have to have enough money to make your sons farmers. That takes a lot of money, just enough to give them a trade. My father had rheumatic fever twice so he grew up rather delicate at first. He was allowed to go through the high-school grades and was supposed to go into a bank because they thought he'd be too delicate to work on a farm but he didn't want indoor work, he wanted outdoor work, so that's how he started in farming.

I think he went up in this well-known valley of Manor and from there he went to a job at Drochil farm. Then from there he went to this other place which was more like a home-farm and, of all things, a banker owned it or bought it or leased it. He didn't do any farming himself--I guess he just got it as a venture--and my father did all the work there. And there was a little dairy in connection with it.

The banker, Mr. MacPherson, lived in another part of the town where there was this huge high golf course. It was like having a golf course up in Makiki Valley or up around Tantalus, it seemed so steep, but they often liked these sporty golf courses. I remember once or twice we were invited to go up there in winter for sledging. My father built us a sledge--a wheelbarrow--when we were youngsters and we had a very, very steep hill in back of our house and a park in front of it. A golf course is right there and the superintendent of the golf course stays in the house we lived in. It was a stone house, just three or four rooms, and it had something wrong with the roof. I was taken there when I was just a few weeks old and as I was growing up they were putting a roof on the house.

(Additional information about Drochil Castle and the hydropathic edited out.)

I went to the sixth grade, then I got a bursary to go to high school. High school was not free. You had to pay for your education and your books, but there were a few scholarships and I won one. There's a story to that too.

I had an aunt, my mother's younger sister, who was married and living in this big industrial town of Motherwell near Glasgow and she wanted me to go there to their high school so she'd have some company. My mother permitted me to go during the summer; however, their high school opened several weeks later than ours did and my mother came to take a look at me to see how I was getting along and I insisted I wanted to come home. Well, the high school there had started and my mother made me go to evening classes to bring up my studies, because I would not go back to Motherwell, but I wouldn't go because I thought I wouldn't catch up maybe. So that's when I finished but I did go to continuation classes and took shorthand and bookkeeping et cetera.

And then, of course, she had to consult the head-

master. She was just going to force me to go and he said that he thought that she shouldn't, that I had enough education to take me anywhere, so he gave a good account of me. He thought I should go take dressmaking or dress designing and go on that line, that his wife's sister did some and he thought she went much further than his wife who was a schoolteacher, so my mother had a friend in the dressmaking business--Mrs. Henderson, a tall goodlooking lady, and I'd see her often. To me she looked a very stately, cross-looking lady. She wanted me to go there to be under her training.

Well, I saw an advertisement in the paper in a draperyshop in which they had a large dress shop upstairs--John Veitch and Company--so I applied for that and, of course, got the job. You have to put in an apprenticeship for something like two years, with no salary whatsoever, to learn your trade, which I proceeded to do until the shop folded up, and I learned no dressmaking because they just give you pockets to stitch and seams to hem.

Then I went to another shop to apply. It was owned by Mr. Green who had a shop on High Street and his dress shop was in his big mansion across the residential place. The business had really belonged to his sister, a Miss Green, who was a very exclusive dressmaker. She turned the business over to him because she retired and they hired a dressmaker.

So there I went, started in sewing with them, stitching away, and the dressmaker there said, "Why don't you make yourself a dress?" Well, I'd never tried to sew anything. She said, "I'll show you." So I made myself a dress and even made myself a hat, then they folded up. There wasn't enough business to carry on.

I went to another job as a machine operator and they gave me the belts to make--at that time belts were stylish --and I got the large sum of six shillings, which is a dollar and a half a week. That was in 1906 or 1907.

My mother was always very annoyed at me. She said, "Look here, you just ask them for some more money. You ask them for ten shillings a week." Well, I did but they couldn't afford to give me ten shillings. I came home and told her. She said, "You're not going to work tomorrow. You're not going there, you're just staying home. I can put you to work around the house for that price." So I stayed home for about six months.

I saw an ad for a bookkeeper wanted in a steam laundry and landed the job. That's what I did before I came to the Islands. Got my office experience.

A: How did you happen to leave there and come to the Islands?

T: My mother did not want to come but my father was all enthused when he heard about it. Mr. [Samuel Mills] Damon owned the then Bishop and Company bank. [Now First Hawaiian Bank in 1972.] He had bought out Mr. [Charles Reed] Bishop who started the bank in 1858 with his partner, W. A. Aldrich. They started in a basement floor on Queen Street somewhere ["In the East corner of 'Makee's Block,' on Kaahumanu Street"] and then they moved to another one on the corner of Kaahumanu and Merchant [streets], but that's where they started. Later on, when the business grew, he took S. M. Damon in as a clerk and S. M. Damon was with him for quite a long time.

Princess [Bernice] Pauahi was Mr. Bishop's wife and she passed on [in 1884] and in her will, of course, she left all of Moanalua to Sam Damon because he was a good friend of hers and helped her with her finances and gave her advice. She thought he had done so much for her, she must leave him that in her will.

Charles R. Bishop was not interested in living in the Islands after his wife passed away so he moved to San Francisco [in 1894] and bought himself shares in the Bank of California and everyday, for just a few months before he passed away in 1915, he went to his office in the Bank of California. He used to write long, long two- or three-paged letters to Sam Damon about every week. There was a very close connection between the Bank of California, the Bankers' Trust; and all these various banks were correspondents of the Bishop and Company bank. He would keep them up to date on happenings. So he sold his bank to Sam Damon.

His father [Samuel Chenery Damon] was a noted missionary and a minister. He built the Seamen's Institute and had a Bethel Street office where he used to print The Friend. The Friend Building is still there and it's got the name Friend over it. He did a lot of things in the Islands and his wife was Julia Mills, the daughter of Samuel [J.] Mills, who first started the first missionaries to the Islands. But they didn't come until about the fifth group, the Damons. [The Damons are listed as individual arrivals at Honolulu, 1842.]

[Samuel Chenery Damon, Chaplain, American Seamen's Friend Society, was pastor of Bethel Union Church, Seamen's Chapel, in Honolulu for forty-two years. He was also editor and publisher of The Friend, a periodical, from January 1843 through 1884. Central Union Church, organized on November 13, 1887, was a merging of the Bethel Church and the Fort Street Church.]

Sam Damon was the only one of the children that had money because he made it. He invested wisely, I guess, and got to be pretty well-to-do after awhile, but not as

well-to-do as his brother-in-law, H. P. Baldwin. He married Miss Harriet Baldwin of Lahaina, [Maui] and they had a big family, but the only wealthy one was [Henry Perrine] Baldwin, because he started the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company and, later on, Alexander and Baldwin [in partnership with Samuel T. Alexander]. He left a million [dollars] to each of his children in his will and left his sister, Harriet Baldwin Damon, I think $85,000 because he knew she had money already. She built her home at Moanalua with that money.

You're asking about how my father came. With the Moanalua estate was a dairy, which was a home-dairy for King Kalakaua. King Kalakaua had a house down there and a garden and they've got part of it dragged up to the other side of Moanalua when they made the lower part, where it was, industrial. They dragged the building up to the other side and that was King Kalakaua's summer home. And all the alii of the Hawaiian families were all situated down around Moanalua. That's where we used to go to get taught the sacred dances. That's where Jennie Wilson, the mayor's wife, got her dancing.

[Bob Krauss, in Here's Hawaii, states that Jennie Wilson, wife of Mayor John H. Wilson (1947-1955), "began her career as the favorite hula dancer in the royal court of King Kalakaua in 1886;" and Jennie Wilson herself says, "I was asked to dance by King Kalakaua when I was only fourteen."]

Tom Carter, who passed away a year or two ago, used to be with the Honolulu Dairymen's Association, Ltd. and was one of their public relations men who used to go around with a coloring artist for the children. His wife was a very dark Hawaiian but a very beautiful singer and dancer. She came from a very high-class family and lived in a little kuleana there. The Damons didn't own the homes these natives lived in unless they sold or mortgaged them to them. They had what they call little kuleanas [or homesites where families lived generation after generation but did not usually own.]

There was a Williams family that had a kuleana sitting very close to King Kalakaua's place in amongst the rice patches and the taro patches all around. [Moanalua is said to be named for two encampments (moana lua) at taro patches, where travelers bound for Honolulu from Ewa rested, according to Pukui, Elbert, and Mookini in Place Names of Hawaii.]

And on the opposite side of the stream, there was this Mrs. Dan; and then there was a Mr. Dickson, whose daughter [Irene Dickson] married Eben Low's son. They lived up just about as you go into Tripler [Army Medical Center] Hospital now. They had a little place there.

These were all kuleanas owned by the Hawaiians and some of them had them, in years gone by, right up that Moanalua Valley but at that time we called it Hulamana Valley.

The way my father came here was that home-dairy. Mr. Damon wanted it very up-to-date and the first group that formed the Honolulu Dairymen's Association, Sam Damon went in as one of the major contributors to the combine and sent the bulk of his milk from this home-dairy down there. Whatever was sold, they finally agreed--the Dairymen's Association that didn't have vans running out that far--that they'd let the dairy retail from Sam Damon's. This very good friend of some of them about here happened to be a good friend not only of my father but of my grandmother, Jane Ketchan McIntosh. He thought she was a wonderful person so he recommended my father and asked him if he'd be interested in going because Sam Damon had been over there. He wanted a good farmer who knew dairying so he recommended my father.

My mother did not want to come here but my father was keen to try it, so that's how he came to the Islands. He came here and we came out to join him. Before I came here, I didn't know anything about banking or much about the Islands but Sam Damon knew that he had this daughter and that I had been doing cashiering, so he thought he could use me in the bank. And I'd barely got out of bed when he was at my house the day after I'd arrived, wanting me to come down the next day to work at the bank. That was October 1909 and we were staying right there at Moanalua Dairy in a little cottage, with banana trees with bananas on them right out our back door. That's what fascinated me.

We later moved into the larger yard above, which a Scotchman was in but he was leaving to go to work for the Hinds--it later became the Hind-Clarke Dairy--on a big ranch on the Big Island and my father took his place there. It was a huge yard of about three acres and this Scotchman was a Mr. Cullen and he was tremendously interested in plants. At that time we had in the Board of Agriculture and Forestry a Scotchman named David Hawes. The Territory of Hawaii was so interested in keeping everything green, by keeping people interested in improving places, that you could go anywhere to get plants free. They'd give you a pine tree or an orange tree or whatever they happened to be. They would raise them in the nursery and give them away free. So Mr. Cullen, being a great friend of this David Hawes, had a cinnamon tree, a chicle tree, pomelo, soursap, two or three mango trees, and he had the best Hulamana pear in the Islands--avocado--and every kind of fruit tree possible in this great big yard. When we started to play golf, we could have three holes in that yard, so you know what a big yard it was. And they had date

palms that lined the driveway.

So that's where we lived for twenty years until my father had an accident and got blood poisoning and passed away in 1929. He was trying to give a cow medicine and she turned around and kicked him and it was such an ugly kick that it made a deep two- or three-inches gash right down his arm. He went down to the Tripler emergency ward, the nearest place. He had to hold it up to stop the bleeding. A nice doctor there treated him but he didn't have time to wash it off decently and just gave him a shot of penicillin or something. I called later to ask him and he said, "Whatever you do, tell him not to use it." Well, he did. He went right back to work so it developed into terrific blood poisoning.

A: Was Tripler there at the time in 1929? [1920 City Directory: Tripler General Hospital, King Street near Fort Shafter. The present building, approached via Jarrett White Drive from Moanalua Road (H1 Lunalilo Freeway), was completed in 1947 and is known as Tripler Army Hospital.]

T: I had photographs of old Shafter and old Tripler and Sam Damon passing by. Some of them I've thrown out already. Fort Shafter at that time had no wall and right in front was the guard house and people walking up and down all the time with a gun, guarding the door to the guard house. Across was Tripler sitting on a knoll, with a big open entrance building and then long buildings, lanais on both sides of them. You almost got blown off these wards when you went into them. The emergency hospital was a little place.

As you went down towards Moanalua there was a very, very sharp curve and a fairly steep hill as you went down in the lower gardens. On the left was a great big pumping station, then a good deep pond, and then a little store run by Chinese, I think, and then you emerged on the beautiful gardens and the stream. Well, Tripler was sitting right there and there was a little road between that went down to the Mokauea Island where Mrs. Frank Damon lived. [See Kalihi-kai map for location.]

Sam Damon's older brother, Frank, who was a minister, got sick and died down there. His wife, Mrs. Mary Happer Damon [Mrs. Francis Williams Damon], was born and brought up in China where her father was a medical missionary. There were three children--two girls and a boy--and her mother died when she was quite small. Her father left them in the care of the Chinese servants and the Chinese nurse when he had to go way up country for one or two months at a time. They grew up with the Chinese as their mother tongue.

I used to be so fascinated when she'd ride a bus. She never learned to drive a car. The electric tramcars had side seats and you could jump up on the steps anywhere or get on it at the back or step off anywhere on one of those long runningboards. Well, she could get on the back or the front but if she saw a Chinese there, she immediately turned around and talked to him. She had a carrying voice and she'd keep up a conversation with them every time she saw a Chinese get on that car.

She was a very lovely person and a very fascinating person. She lived all the time I lived there down at this Mokauea Island with her two sons and three daughters. It was really an island but they had a pegged road out to it. They filled it in to make a road so that each side dropped off into the water that had something growing in it or mullet or something. It was a pegged road below Tripler, between Tripler and the public road cruising around there. Where Dillingham Boulevard is now, the island was pretty close to that road, a good distance out. Going along now past Middle Street--that junction--you see a big hill filled with coral. They must have taken coral fill from I don't know where to fill that in, otherwise that would be all mud or two or three feet of ocean. I have sailed in the yacht Hawaii around there.

The yacht Hawaii, in olden times, belonged to the Hawaii Yacht Club and they'd bring it in there. And there was a deep channel went in near the land and if you didn't keep in the channel and went off to the side, you'd get into coral. At low tide you could almost walk and there was a kipi's [rebel's] island there too. My cousin had a boat and he used to go out and spend weekends at that Kipi's Island. Quite a few Hawaiians lived on it and at low tide they could walk. I believe you also could walk to Chinaman's Hat Island [Mokolii Island, located on the windward side of Oahu] at low tide and at high tide you'd have to swim. Same at Kipi's and Mokauea [off Sand Island, Honolulu Harbor].

Of course Mrs. Frank Damon considered us her neighbors and she was very friendly. We could go down to visit her anytime and we could use her island anytime and we could go down to the pier anytime. She grew night blooming cereus plants up in the algarobas all around on her island and it was quite a sight at night. And this long wooden plank out to a little pier for boats to tie up went right out from her island in the direction of the ocean and near there was a deep channel which went right out to sea--a natural channel.

There were always several natural deep spots even at Waikiki. Right by the Moana Hotel was a deep spot. There always had to be a warning sign. I saw some lady writing

a warning at Kuhio's Beach that at high tide that spot's much too deep for youngsters to be going in safely. Same way there by the Waikiki Tavern [on the Diamond Head side of the Moana Hotel but no longer in existence]. There was a deep, dangerous spot where you couldn't swim.

I couldn't swim when I came here and there was a Frenchman who had a big gymnasium and he taught swimming on the side. Pierre Baron was his name, because it was known as Pete Baron's Place. He had a big two-story house just about at the edge of where Kuhio Beach is now and Prince Kuhio had a pier out to a good big bedroom. He had asthma and he liked to sleep over the water. [Lt. Col. Pierre "Pete" Baron was a noted physical culturist who was born in France in 1838, came to America in 1868 and to Honolulu in 1897. He died on February 9, 1939, about five months after his one-hundredth birthday. Archives of Hawaii data.]

I have a picture of the old Moana pier, taken from the Diamond Head side. (refers to photo) This is the Moana Hotel in here and here is the pier, with a little sitting-out place--pavilion--at the end, and these are the private homes that were along there. Later, they built a two-story raft over here when the Outrigger [Canoe Club] was in here.

The Outrigger only started in 1909 [May 1908, according to the Pacific Commercial Advertiser]. I don't know if the building was even built then. [It started as a grass shack and an outdoor shower, according to Thrum's Hawaiian Almanac, 1968.]

Miss Mary O'Donnell, Princess Kaiulani's governess [said to be her companion-maid by some sources], had a house on this (Diamond Head) side of the Moana and then Judge [Harry] Steiner, an oldtimer, had a house here. This man (in a photo) and Mr. McGill had two little shacks on Steiner's property in sort of camping style there. This picture was taken in October 1911.

[PCA 1/6/1942: RE 1902: "James Steiner with family moves to Waikiki place 'Seawellen' on beach." 1902 City Directory gives address as Main Road, Waikiki. James is the father of Harry Steiner and was the founder and proprietor of Island Curio Store, now located at 126 North Hotel Street. A later address for the Steiner residence is 2411 Kalakaua Avenue and still later 2437 Kalakaua, due probably to changes in the numbering system.]

I'm a member of the Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club which is getting together a history of the club. It started in 1910 under the same auspices as the canoe club under Alexander Hume Ford, a great promoter. He came to the Islands, went away, and came back again and started the Honolulu Ad Club, I think, and the Outrigger Canoe Club and the Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club. The then-governor was

Governor [Walter F.] Frear, who appointed him, and it was promoted with the idea of having good trails for tourists to hike on in the Islands. They were doing it in conjunction with the New Zealand government tourist bureau and the Australian one.

[The Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club was organized on April 5, 1910 and the Outrigger Canoe Club in May 1908 by Alexander Hume Ford. The Honolulu Ad Club was "organized February 1911 by that advertising missionary J. Charles Greene of San Francisco," according to an article in the December 1913 issue of Paradise of The Pacific.]

I went to the fortieth anniversary meeting at the clubhouse. The Reverend [Henry Pratt] Judd was the only original member there. Another original member was Thomas McGuire. I once hiked up the highest trail, Mount Kaala, and only five or six of us made it to the top and Mr. McGuire was one of them. I think I was the only woman who made the top. I have a friend, an English girl who came here in 1920 and married a marine, and she made it to the top of Mauna Loa. She had a lot of interesting pictures and what amazed me was that the top was like a big tableland--flat.

A: Now we go back to your father and his work at the dairy.

T: He got these part-Jerseys and was very interested in his work and finally, before he passed away, he had all completely pure Jerseys which he raised for the milk. They have a wonderful production of very rich milk so he'd sell the bulk to the Dairymen to retail at Shafter or Halawa, but in that combine they could only get about seven cents a gallon for the milk. For a long time, a Mr. Smith was the manager and he ploughed every bit of profit back into the plant all the time, until Reginald Faithful came along and started to distribute some of the profit to the producers. The milk was so rich that it tested out to 5.2 and the Dairymen sold it as a prize baby milk. It never went through the separator and was never pasteurized, so it was pure baby milk from Moanalua Dairy through the Dairymen's Association all the time that he was there.

Then later on came a Mr. [George Stanley] McKenzie as manager and he was married to Miss Fanny [Isabelle] Hoogs. Her brother was a tennis player [Frank Love Hoogs] and her mother was the daughter of Mr. [Robert] Love, who started Love's Bakery, and he was a Scotchman. [Alice Love married William Henry Hoogs.] Love's Bakery had a room at the corner of Nuuanu and Pauahi [streets] and Mr. McKenzie was a salesman there, then he married Miss Hoogs and later came to be manager of the Dairymen's Association.

[Men of Hawaii, 1930: George S. McKenzie: Assumed management of Honolulu Dairymen's Association, Ltd. April 1, 1925. For twelve years prior (1913-1925) manager of Love's Biscuit and Bread Company.]

The Hoogs were a well-known family here because one of them went into real estate--[William Henry] Billy Hoogs --and there were quite a number of them. Clarence H. Cooke, manager of the Bank of Hawaii, married Lily Love and these Hoogs were her nieces and nephews.

The Bank of Hawaii was started after the Bishop and Company and was originally where First Federal [Savings and Loan Association of Hawaii] is now on the corner of Fort and Merchant and at that time we were on the same street at Kaahumanu. We moved first to where they are now on Bishop [and King] streets, but we should have been where the Bank of Hawaii went because that was Mr. Bishop's home. They opened a year or two later there and that was when Clarence Cooke was manager.

Later on, Sam Damon's nephew was there for a time. He wouldn't have his relatives in the same bank so his nephew had to get a job in a rival bank. His name was Fred and during World War I in Honolulu there was some wealthy, eccentric man that would go out and give his services of reading horoscopes and changing people's names to their vibrations and give the money to charity. Well, Fred Damon became Roxor Damon. That was supposed to be his good luck name and he was the manager of the Bank of Hawaii.

And for a time a Mr. [Abraham] Lewis [Jr.] was manager of the Bank of Hawaii. He married a Miss [Alice H.] Jones and her father, P. C. Jones, started the Bank of Hawaii so naturally his son-in-law would have a good chance of being manager. P. C. Jones started Brewer and Company and Bank of Hawaii and his sister married a Mr. Hall of E. O. Hall & Son.

[James Hunnewell founded C. Brewer & Company in 1826 and Peter Cushman Jones later became president of the company, according to Jared G. Smith in The Big Five. "The inspiration of P. C. Jones," who married Cornelia Hall, "was the beginning of a solid institution," known as the Bank of Hawaii, which was granted a charter on December 17, 1897, with Clarence H. Cooke as its first president.]

E. O. Hall & Son had a two- or three-storied building on the corner where the Bank of Hawaii is now. E. O. Hall was a missionary. I think he was. At least his wife was a Miss Jones and P. C. Jones' sister. And I don't know whether you ever knew--she passed away two or three years ago; her sister's still living--a Charlotte Hall.

A: Oh yes, I've heard that name.

T: She passed away at Arcadia [a retirement condominium sponsored by Central Union Church] two or three years ago and her sister was Mrs. Malcolm MacIntyre and she had several daughters. She's Grandma or Great-grandma already. She still lives, I think, there on University Avenue. At the corner of Armstrong and University. Now she's an oldtimer. If you want any old history of the Islands, if her memory is still holding out, she's probably about almost my age-class.

She had three daughters and one son but I don't think any of them live here. They're all very talented girls. They all live away from here. And her son was briefly in the army and was a captain and he lives back around Chicago or somewhere. If she has anyone with her now, it's probably a faithful Japanese maid of their family.

But I know she used to be a very busy lady and did volunteer work and community work when she was active. I haven't seen her in years. The last time I saw her was up at Oahu Cemetery, decorating some of their graves. But I knew both Charlotte and--what's her name now?--Frances, I think, quite well. [Florence Hall MacIntyre]

But I don't get around like I should and I don't get out to things. I get out enough for my ability. I still belong to the Business and Professional Women; belong to the English-Speaking Union. I belong to the Pan-Pacific Women's Association and, of course, Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club; Friends of Foster Garden; Friends of the East-West Center. I don't know if there's anything else I belong to. I've forgotten.

A: You're certainly well-affiliated.

T: So I can't keep up with all of them. Some of them have conflicting dates and I can't keep up with them, so I just don't see [Florence] MacIntyre. She used to go to the church.

But what I wanted to tell you about her--'course they were all born and grew up in the Islands and probably went to Punahou [School] and they belonged to the Mission Children [Hawaiian Mission Children's Society]. And Charlotte and her sister used to go hiking with their brothers and they used to go hiking around the island, something that I haven't done yet.

A: Neither have I.

T: I hiked up [Mount] Kaala [wettest spot on Oahu, 4,025 feet] and I've hiked in Koko Crater and some places, but I never have started to hike around the island.

A: It's a long trek.

T: And I haven't hiked up Mauna Kea, nor Mauna Loa either, but I have hiked from the Volcano House over to the crater. I went there first in 1912 and I still think it was the most fascinating volcano at that time--I went a number of times later--because you could go right to the edge. And it would be down seven hundred to nine hundred feet and it'd be throwing up fountains a hundred or one hundred and fifty feet in the air and you'd watch it just like a great big boiling pot. It would blacken all over, then, as it was ready to throw up, it would throw up these fiery red fountains.

I was there later when it had a great ledge that had come in and hardened and caked over and you could go down a slope to this ledge and you got near enough that, if you had a stick, you could almost get a sample. Well, I was down there with a number of others and I could hear this terrible thunderous sound. Of course it was the lava getting ready to rush out and throw her fountain again. I thought, wouldn't it be awful if the ledge separates and here you are, sitting in this crack of lava, so I started to run back and everybody started after me because they got scared too. Of course nothing happened but it came out with a little fountain.

My sister was up at the Volcano House when the thing broke off and went in with an awful thud. It was an earthquake, maybe, caused it. At that time there were still Lycurguses there [George Lycurgus owned the Volcano House] and one of them said, "Oh, let's get in!" so we rushed into a car and rushed out and they saw the last of it dropping in.

I joined the Trail and Mountain Club in 1917 and in that year a group of them were up there at the hotel. One night we had a wonderful experience. At that time, Miss Evelyn Breckons was the secretary and her father [Robert W. Breckons] was the attorney general of the territory and she lately married a Mr. [Ray B.] Rietow, had two children, then died. Then after her, came a Mrs. [Ellen] Fullard-Leo as the secretary. Now they were paid secretaries, part-time. Later on they had no money and if they had a secretary, she was just a volunteer. They would organize these outside-island trips to Mauna Loa, to Haleakala, and to Kilauea.

[Robert W. Breckons came to Hawaii on February 7, 1902 as United States District Attorney. The Pacific Commercial Advertiser for November 10, 1904 indicates that he declined to accept the appointment as attorney general.]

Something I forgot to tell you, when I first came to the Islands most of the white people or haoles could speak

Hawaiian or at least tried to learn it and, of course, as I went right in, the second day I was in the Islands, to the bank, I spoke with quite a Scottish accent. Half of the people who didn't know English didn't know what I was saying at all. I had to quickly learn some form of pidgin and it had to be American pidgin because it had to have the accent with it. After awhile, they didn't know if I was American or what I was. Some of them would listen very closely to see if they could figure out what nationality I might be and one person, who'd listened to me quite a lot, said to me, "You know, if you'd only change two words, nobody would know but that you were an American." I can't remember the second word but one was "been." I said "bean" and I wouldn't change it.

In 1909, they had great bunches of immigrants they'd brought in for the sugar plantations. They originally brought, quite awhile before I came, Norwegians and they were not laborers or farmers. They were mostly--they had a big depression there and they were mostly tradesmen, engineers, clerks, bookkeepers. They did not like plantation work. They didn't stay around the plantations, just an odd one here and there. They quickly got enough money together and went to San Francisco or somewhere else or California or back to Norway. Then they brought in Chinese and then they brought in Portuguese and Japanese and then Filipinos.

They were so recent, the Portuguese arrivals at that time, that they always had some interpreters with them. [They came in 1900 and some as early as 1878.] Some would quickly learn a little pidgin but lots of them didn't know a word of English and I would then learn a few words of Portuguese. But most of the time I would speak pidgin to them and they wouldn't know what I was saying.

A: What was your position at the bank?

T: I was a savings bank clerk and I went in under Miss Janet McIntyre. Miss Maude O'Sullivan--Mrs. Robert Fricke at Arcadia--was in the bank ahead of me and when Miss McIntyre went on to the trust company, she became the head of the savings department and I was her assistant. If she was out, I'd take over. There were just two of us.

Her father was Irish and she was part-Spanish and part-Guamanian or something and a little Hawaiian. She grew up at Waipahu where her father was, I think, the plantation carpenter; and the manager at that time was a German--a very good manager--a Mr. [August] Ahrens. Fricke happened to be Mr. Ahren's nephew. She knew the Ahrenses very well and then, when Mr. Ahrens went on to another plantation on the Big Island, her mother had died and they

moved into town.

She went to McKinley High School and, of course, that was THE school in Honolulu at that time. Unless you were a missionary's child or very wealthy, you didn't go to Punahou [School]. All the haoles [white people] went to McKinley. So she went to McKinley but she lived with her friends, the Treadways, on King Street.

She went away for a trip and met a man from Boston and married him and he died suddenly of a heart attack after she was married only a couple of years. Then she worked for some trust company back in Boston and then came back to the Islands and worked for the Bishop Trust Company. She renewed her friendship with Robert Fricke and married him and he became a manager of Waianae Plantation. He'd been assistant manager at Oahu Sugar [Company]. They had a great big house there.

The plantation manager had been a Mr. Meyer and he had about ten or twelve children and had a huge house. She didn't use all of it. I was down visiting her there and they'd branched off some of it. It was too big for her. They had a tennis court and sheep on the lawn to keep it cropped. Big place. I think that plantation was partly owned by the J. M. Dowsett family. It had been his wife's property. She was Hawaiian. I think her name was Wedemeyer. [The wife of John McKibben Dowsett was Wilhelmina Widemann, daughter of Judge H. A. and Mary Kaumana Widemann.] J. M. Dowsett, I think, grew up on Maui. I just know J. M. Dowsett because he was a director of the Bishop Bank and at one time he'd been a clerk there.

He had two sons and one daughter and his daughter became a Mrs. Osborne. [Alice Aileen Dowsett married Osborne White] His son married Dickson Nott's daughter and her mother married again and married a very wealthy German named Sherman and they had a great big castle-residence up in Nuuanu, a huge residence which they turned over to the Red Cross or to philanthropy after his death and it's now a great housing area. This Mr. Sherman was a wealthy New Yorker that came down and married this widow. [Dr. Frederick J. Nott married Laura Fish Dickson, who later married George Sherman.]

Some of these Notts had a plumbing business in Honolulu. They were haoles. A cousin of theirs, blonde and goodlooking, married a part-Hawaiian by the name of McKenzie. I could write a book on these McKenzies too. They're all smart and all interesting and they're Chinese-Hawaiian. I met one who belongs to the Trail and Mountain Club, Marian Lee Loy. Her husband is pure Chinese. She was a daughter of Mrs. Daniel McGregor, whom I've seen and waited on many times. She was a schoolteacher and she was Chinese-Hawaiian, tiny and skinny. Her brother, Calvin

McGregor, was a judge. Lee Loys have a Hilo connection.

I was most interested in the Campbells. I've seen all four of them many times. The one I didn't see many times I think was Alice Kamokila Campbell. I had read about her. She was most of the time in San Francisco. At the time that I did see her--and I was amazed what a charming and goodlooking lady she was--was down at her place at Honoiliili at Ewa. She had this gorgeous beach place all landscaped all the time, big trees, and a big fountain on the mauka side of the road and she opened her place to the Outdoor Circle at their annual benefit to raise funds. Well, thousands went. So many went in cars and buses, they jammed the traffic for hours.

Alice Kamokila Campbell had this huge building that looked more like a temple-arrangement or show-arrangement but a long, long open place--not a little house--in which she had not just Hawaiian but Polynesian--every rare or valuable thing of Polynesia that you could buy. Of course that day, I think they charged $2.50 for a door ticket, but for that you got the food of a luau; you got to see Hawaiian quilt-making and poi-pounding; you got to see the food coming out of an imu [ground oven] and, at the same time, Alice K. Campbell came down herself, dressed in a beautiful holoku [gown] and a little feather lei around her head, and was introduced and shook hands with everybody that visited the, shall we say, Polynesian Museum. It was more properly called a museum in which there was every rare thing you could imagine.

I see that she went away to the coast some time ago and lived away and died away. Her things really should have been brought here for auction but they were auctioned up there [in Los Angeles]. They would have got a far more interesting price here. I saw recently where some Chinese woman bought a valuable piece because they were sure that it was exceedingly rare and presented it to the Bishop Museum in her husband's memory. That's another thing I belong to--the Bishop Museum Auxilliary.

Every now and then some descendent of a missionary presents them with something. I was there when they gave a big reception for a little feather cloak and it's the smallest-known, perfect one in existence. It's just like a little cape but perfectly made in red and yellow colors. This man in Florida, whose great-grandparents had been missionaries, gave it to the Bishop Museum on this special anniversary. They have it in a glass case to preserve it. The reporters and photographers were so anxious to get it out of this case and in the open and, when I was there, they couldn't close it again.

After that, the Bruce family had a very famous cloak which the Earl of Elgin, whose family name was Bruce and

who was married to a very noted beauty, brought for display in the museum. Alice Spalding Bowen had been across in Britain and she had to go and call on them to find out about this cloak and wondered if they'd loan it for display. The cloak and a helmet had been presented to an ancestor of the Bruce family. There had been a Bruce as a junior officer on one of Captain Cook's ships and he'd been presented with them.

They had a reception for the Earl and Lady Elgin at the Bishop Museum when they brought the cloak and had the finest Hawaiian entertainment that I had ever seen up to that time. They had Kapena Wong. He's Chinese-Hawaiian but thoroughly grounded in everything Hawaiian. He put on this Hawaiian display with men, in which they were mock-fighting with spears, and they had a grass hut on the stage, Hawaiian drums and singing.

Later, after it was all through, the Earl of Elgin and his wife--this lovely lady in a lovely red evening gown--were listening and he thanked them all for the entertainment and said, "Now, perhaps you'd like some Scottish singing." He had a perfect Oxford accent and you wouldn't know he had a Scotch brogue and he got up and sang a very Scottish song--two songs. He sang "My Own People" with the most beautiful voice. I would say he was as good as Caruso. Most beautiful tenor voice I've ever heard.

Herbert Shipman had them as guests and he went to visit them at their home in Scotland. He travels with his Hawaiian valet [Henry Haa] and he had him with him. He and Henry were the only people at the dinner that the Earl of Elgin gave them that didn't have a title. All those sitting at the table had titles. Mr. Shipman invited the Earl and Lady Elgin to his place at Keaau and they liked it so well they asked if he minded if they stayed another week longer. I think that was in the early 1950's.

A: I just happened to think, your mother didn't want to come here but how did she feel about the Islands once she got here?

T: Well, she loved them because she loved the warm climate and she loved the atmosphere and she loved the beaches. She loved swimming. She did dog-paddle. I learned to swim, as I said, under Pete Baron's instruction and he hoped that his wife would take care of the female swimmers but she got sick and was an invalid and so he didn't continue with his swimming lessons. When he had a class, he took us way down the beach from where we had undressed at the Moana Hotel, which had public bathing places, and the Seaside Hotel right alongside had them too. He'd walk us

down this wide sandy beach. Later on, George Davies had a great beach home and put a seawall in. Everybody would put a seawall in. The waves would pound and take the beach out and then you'd have to walk the wall. The MacFarlenes had a place there too.

A fellow, [B. Franklin] Howland, and someone else acquired a beach-place leasehold next to the Halekulani. I don't know who the original owners were. [Bishop Estate] Right where the Halekulani was there was a Mrs. [La Vancha Maria Chapin] Gray who ran a boarding house before the Kimballs acquired the Halekulani Hotel. It was known as Gray's Boarding House and it was always known as Gray's Beach. Howland had a bunch of cottages known as Kaiulani Cottages right next to Gray's Beach.

On the other side [Ewa or west] of the Halekulani was Mrs. Sam Damon's fee simple property, which she deeded to her four children, and there's a right of way that still goes down there. Somewhere around the [Cinerama] Reef Hotel was Mrs. Damon's huge one- or two-acre fee simple lot, between Fort DeRussy and the Halekulani Hotel. She willed it to her four children, divided into four lots. The first lot went to her oldest son, Samuel E. Damon, and his family which was Mrs. Gertrude Damon and her four children; the next one, her son Henry; the next, her daughter May; and the one next to the Halekulani, her son Douglas, and he originally did something about it. He turned around and leased it to a lady and put up a bunch of very nice beach cottages which rented for about $150 to $200 a month. Very comfortable beach cottages. I visited them many times when friends stayed in them.

When Henry got around to building, he put good two-storied beach places there and they rented for a good price. And that's where [Roy] Kelly got that. He was lucky. He managed to secure Henry's from his widow in fee simple and May's in fee simple but Douglas's, he could only get the leasehold and, as far as I know, it's probably still in leasehold.

But Kelly was dying to get Mrs. Henry Damon's, which was either willed to or bought by the Y.W.C.A. Kelly wanted that very badly but the YW was not going to sell it to him so he built his hotel--he's supposed to be an architect and designed it himself--the Edgewater Hotel down on Beach Walk. The Waikiki Shore [Apartments, 2161 Kalia Road] is on what was YW property and they leased that. Waikiki Shores approached them, wanting to put up a building and Mrs. [William] Norwood, who was a Miss [Katharine] Forbes, was the head of the YW then, so she went to the board of trustees.

She agreed to lease it to them for so many years if they would in turn rent a part of the building to the YW so they could have a beach place. What she first wanted

to do was go out to the public and see if they would allow them enough money so that she could put up a beach house. There was a little shack there but they wanted a bigger one. Now they've turned it into a kind of hostel for out-of-town girls.

Waikiki Shores had a terrible time trying to build between the gates of Fort DeRussy and the Reef Hotel and Kelly wouldn't give anything while they were building it. Then when Kelly was building this new part there--the Henry Damon part that was such a good rental for them that they hated to knock them down but finally did--he built an addition on that. He had justified the tight building then, which to me is very interesting.

Times certainly have changed. When I first went down to Waikiki in 1909, I joined the Uluniu Club, which was at that time just the Outrigger Canoe Club's women's division for ten or fifteen years. We were at that time right next to the Seaside Hotel, then the Outrigger approached us and wanted to move over where they were on the Moana [Hotel] side. They wanted our side. We agreed to that and, in moving over, we got a little bit of fee simple land from the Queen Emma Estate right next to the Moana. Matson [Navigation Company] had come in and bought an interest in there and put up the Royal [Hawaiian Hotel].

[By the end of the 1920's there was the Moana Hotel, the Uluniu Club, the Outrigger Canoe Club, and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel all in a row on Waikiki Beach, facing the ocean.]

At that time we had a split-up and changed our name. The women wanted to go on their own and became the Uluniu. There was a new lease made out. We turned over our fee simple and other property to the Outrigger and got a lease-hold, which was a sub-lease, through the Royal so they had complete control of our place. If we'd got a straight lease from the Bishop Estate it could have been very different, so that's where the trouble was.

When we moved, we built a two-story place. You could play cards [upstairs] and [on the ground floor, there was] an open space where you dined and a great big kitchen and it was a much bigger place which has, of course, been knocked down.

The Outrigger had a Queen Emma leasehold in addition to our little fee simple. I asked someone, "Why don't you still have that fee simple?" "Oh, they needed the money to put up their new building so they sold the fee simple to the Queen Emma Estate." So they got it and the board of trustees of the Queen Emma Estate sold to some wealthy Texas people and, therefore, the Outrigger had no choice but to either pay a tremendous price to stay there or move and we [the Uluniu] had no choice but to move too. They weren't

going to give us a new lease on what they wanted to put a high rise on, but if we'd had a straight lease we might have been able to do something. Matson sold out to Sheraton [Hotels] and Sheraton sold out to ITT [International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation].

The Uluniu is still in existence but it hasn't a standing. It's still in status quo. I'm still a member. We still have funds. According to the by-laws, if they can't get a new place, they have to disband and, of course, they can't find the many members over the years, so what's left they give to certain local charities. So in the meantime, they have more meetings and more places offered, both fee simple and leasehold, and none of them could please everybody so they end up having one temporarily at Laie, of all places. It's a beautiful swimming place and quite a convenient house for a club but they haven't yet gotten word that it's permitted to have a club there. That's in status quo too. But the Royal has still kept them on the string, still keeps them dangling. They're still promising, maybe, some rooms in the basement in one of these places but they haven't come through with them yet.

The Outrigger has moved and the funny thing is they didn't try for fee simple. They're stupid enough to be on a leasehold from the Elks Club [B.P.O.E.]. We had a good offer which I thought they were very stupid not to accept. There were all these little narrow beach places, starting down from where the Elks' Club is. That was James Castle's home and there were various brothers--George--and there was a sister, [Caroline], Mrs. [William Drake] Westervelt. Mrs. Westervelt had a beach place; George had a beach place; Centers had a beach place; and different people had fee simple beach places. One narrow one with a two-storied building on it suitable for a beach club, they could have had for so many one-hundred-thousand fee simple or so-many-thousand a month leasehold, and because they considered it too narrow they turned it down. I guess they thought they were going to have the whole island to choose from. They had the most money at that time to make a large payment and go to the bank and borrow the rest and they had a good membership then of about nine hundred. They could have bought it and we'd be there, fee simple, and you could get there by bus or car. Nobody could get by public bus once a day or by car to Laie. They had a chance of a place at Lanikai and one down at Waialae and they didn't take that.

A: Now I'd like to get back to--how long were you with the bank?

T: Forty-four years. I started in 1909 and stayed until August 1953. Shortly before I retired, I asked for a spe-

cial job because I'd been away for a trip, and my job for quite a few years was a very busy one. I was the head of the mail department. I first started in as an assistant in the savings department, then I went in to be a commercial teller during World War I because there was a shortage of men. I was the first woman commercial teller in the Hawaiian Islands. Then after the men came back and got their jobs back, I was the manager's secretary for awhile and from there I went to be the assistant in the collection department.

We don't have a collection department anymore; we have what they call an international department and whether they handle things like we did, I don't know. All these bills of lading would come in through the bank and we wouldn't deliver these to the person until we got the money, which we sent back to the shipper. Also, all the checks drawn on mainland banks, we ran through as cash letters. So I had to handle all these and write all the letters as assistant to this Scotchman whose name was Hugh Peacock. He died here in the Islands of T.B. [tuberculosis] and he's buried up in Nuuanu Cemetery.

He belonged to a very large wholesale biscuit factory in Glasgow, Scotland--Peacock Biscuit Factory. And my aunt, Miss McIntosh, worked for a time for a very large biscuit factory in Edinburgh--Middlemass Biscuit Factory. First she was with a family with a huge tweed firm and used to be a lady's maid to this lady and traveled through Europe with her. Every now and then when they were weaving she'd send tweed remnants.

I forgot to tell, the town I grew up in, besides being a summer resort, was also a mill town for weaving tweed. Americans told them they should get modern machines in order to weave this very popular thin weave. They could only weave the thicker one there. Of course they'd need different parts and that costs a lot of money. These weavers are very highly paid. They'd give my aunt a whole bolt of tweed for a Christmas present and she wouldn't be able to use them all so she'd send them on to us. So we have several bolts of tweed I haven't done anything with yet.

(Details about Scottish foods--milk toast, saps, baps, et cetera--are edited out)

As a child, I carried my lunch to school because we lived two miles out of town. My mother would ask me what I wanted and I always said the same thing, "French toast," which is bread fried on both sides with butter, and a fried egg in between. But I'd forget to eat it because I'd be so busy playing. I daren't go home with it so I'd stick it in a crack of the stone wall that we called dikes on the way home.

My grandmother, when she was living in town, loved to have us visit her and she would question us to find out how much we knew and how intelligent we might be and she wanted to be sure we'd grow up happy, so she gave us what we call lappered milk. It's just turned sour and you can make cottage cheese out of it. In some countries like Finland, they claim it makes people extra happy. Well, she'd serve us that and bread sandwiches or anything we wanted. I did not like that and I didn't like to tell her "No thanks," so I didn't go very often, just once or twice a year. Sometimes my mother would give us tuppence, which was about four pennies, and there were a lot of restaurants you could go in and get a whole plate of hot soup for that.

In Hawaii, the low cost of food when we came to the Islands amazed us most. Some of it was cheaper than in Scotland. We could get a great big bunch of bananas for a dime and a whole hand of them for a quarter; a pound of meat for twenty-five cents--the best Hawaiian beef from the Hawaii Meat Company. We first bought there, then at Yee Hop and Company.

We had a huge vegetable garden and my mother had a yardman but it was such a nuisance because, for our family, they grew so fast and became so rank in no time that she gave up on it. She even quit having the yardman, except to cut the grass, because he spent so much time on it and everything grew so rank. We could buy them fairly reasonable then at Yee Hop and Company.

We didn't have to shop. We had the Chinese man who took the milk to the Dairymen's Association and he would stop with my mother's list to pick up the groceries. We had a charge account and my father went in once a month to pay the bill. We also had an account at Metropolitan Meat Market and at Henry May and Company, which was a huge retail and wholesale grocery shop in the Boston Building on Fort Street where the Watumulls' Leilani Shop is now.

When I came in 1909, the top two or three floors was the home of the Y.W.C.A. McInerny's was at the corner, then Jordan and Company, then the Boston Building, and at the corner of Hotel and Fort was Benson Smith's [Benson, Smith and Company], a retail and wholesale druggist, where they also had a little place where they served ice cream. The Young Hotel was there and, facing Hotel Street, they had this huge bake shop and a huge cafeteria corner where they served tea and ice cream. Then there was a huge dining room and a rathskeller in the basement. It was a lovely, lovely place then. It was built by Alexander Young, a Scotchman, about 1906. [The Young Hotel was opened on July 3, 1903.] And it had a beautiful Roof Garden with dance halls on either side. As nice a roof garden as you could get anywhere. It had nice huge plants all over

the place. Later on, when they turned it into sort of a club, they put a dance floor in the middle of it. After awhile they changed it over and made offices and they still have offices there.

In 1933 we moved here to 2625 Anuenue Street. We remained at Moanalua after my father's death and my mother ran the dairy for awhile. My sister passed away in 1939, my mother in 1949, and my younger sister in 1961. My mother had a very keen knowledge of farming and everything else. Her brother, James McIntosh, was a farmer in Scotland. She had a brother and three sisters. One of my aunts is living.

My mother's family did a lot of traveling. Some in my father's family did. One, David Todd, was a mason--they all had trades--and he came out, I think, to Ontario, Canada and married this Scottish lady and had seven children. And one was a James Todd. He went to Chicago and some of the oldest buildings in Chicago were there at that time. I think Marshall Field and Company was the big store. He lived in the north of Chicago in a two-story house. He had an aunt, Mrs. Murray, who had been a Miss Todd, who went to New Zealand. She was the one who traveled farthest.

My mother had cousins and one of them went to Africa and three of them went to Queensland, Australia and started out in sheep farming, which they didn't know too much about. From there they branched out to Victoria and started fruit farming. (the migration of other relatives is edited out)

My grandmother, Jane Ketchan, after her mother died--she was eighteen years old then--bought a ticket to Australia, but her brother talked her out of it, said she was completely stupid and everything else. So then after that she got herself a job and got herself a husband, James McIntosh, and never even crossed the Firth of Forth, I don't think, afterwards.

An awful lot of people came here from Australia. The only thing about that, a lot of people in Australia were shipped out and sent there for stealing a sheep or something, instead of putting them in prison, so you shouldn't talk about your ancestors there. Lot of the ones that came from Australia here, came because they were in the hands of the law, because here they could not be taken back. They could not be extradited, so when they got here they were safe. I'm talking about the days before it was a territory. Because it was a separate kingdom, they could not be extradited.

A: When you first came, the Bishop Bank was quite small, wasn't it?

T: You can still see the building at the corner of Kaahumanu and Merchant [streets]. Insurance people are still in it and they closed up all the windows and put in air conditioning. It wasn't very big. The Bishop Estate had a close connection with it because Sam Damon was an original trustee.

Henry Holmes, who was also a corporation lawyer and bookkeeper for the Hawaii Meat Company, was a lttle Englishman who came to the Islands and a very clever little fellow. He was a little bit of a thing, no taller than I, and his wife was a tall, slim lady. She was the sister of the manager of the Hawaii Meat Company. Henry Holmes had St. Vitus dance or something as a youngster and if you saw him in a bathing suit he had the tiniest, shriveled-up body and a great big head and so he didn't feel he could present his cases thoroughly in court, so he always hired a brilliant young lawyer. He had Judge [Ingram Macklin] Stainback as one of his lawyers. Then there was another very handsome fellow, Art [or Arne] Olson. And he was our representative at the bank.

Sam Damon was a big tall man, very straight and tall. He was about sixty years old when I first went in the bank and on his sixty-seventh birthday, instead of people giving him a present, he thought he'd give the ladies in the bank a present. There were only four of us at that time so the present he gave us was so many shares of stock. He gave some Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar [Company]. Of course I was just a junior. I got about a hundred shares of all that sugar and I was supposed to hold them until they went up. One time they went up as high as twenty dollars a share. When they went up fifty cents on the stock market I sold them, which was too bad. He was very generous.

His wife was Harriet [Melinda] Baldwin. She was a very delightful old lady. When I first came to the Islands in 1909, they were living up Nuuanu Street, just a little above Vineyard Street on the left-hand side, in a big old house there. When Mrs. Damon got this legacy of $85,000 from her brother, she decided to have a home in Moanalua and her husband deeded her a piece of land there for the sum of one dollar so it would really be her house, in her name. Then she had the famous builders in Honolulu at that time and all inside was paneled.

She had a very special Scotch cabinet maker, James Meek, who was a great walker and had recently come from Scotland--a great tall fellow. He was a marathon walker. He used to walk from his place, the very first house on Sierra Drive that he built himself, to Moanalua where he built her house on a knoll just above Pineapple Road. He used to cut through our yard because that yard was a short

cut from where the electric tramcar stopped at a hollow down by Fort Shafter and we were exactly adjacent to Fort Shafter. We had to walk over a mile from our house to catch the tramcar. We were right next to Quarters 9. Fort Shafter was built around 1908 and the last part of it was finished in 1909 as a four-company post with a colonel in charge.

When rents went up and building got scarce and the army went on an economical binge, the army had the whole second floor of the Young Hotel as a headquarters and that was a big expense so one of the generals said, "Why can't we move into Fort Shafter and turn one of the buildings into a headquarters?"--which they did. Later on, they took the two-story houses in the direction of the golf course, which had been for lieutenants, and turned them into houses for colonels and the main house for the colonel was the general's house and the #9 Quarters was for the top doctor at Tripler, which was opposite Fort Shafter.

The whole front part of the [army] post was decorated by palm trees that were donated by Sam Damon for landscaping because he was a near neighbor. And they also had a couple of big mango trees down in the garden that they gave over to the army boys. When Mrs. Damon built her home, we could look over from the dairy. I think we were about six hundred feet from the ocean.

When we first came, many families, including hers, didn't yet ride in autos. They'd ride in victorias pulled with horses. She used to be riding all over town and riding back home to Moanalua and she'd always go into Metropolitan Market and buy a lot of bags of oranges. The army boys would be walking along the private road into her place and into the dairy, so she'd stop and say, "Boys, wouldn't you like some fruit?" and hand them a bag of oranges. She'd do that with everyone she saw walking. And they were made to understand that the mango trees were theirs so they wouldn't go elsewhere and try to rob all the other mango trees.

What we called Moanalua Valley had a nice big swimming pool that we could swim in and they had a gate--right before you turned left to go up the knoll to Mrs. Sam Damon's--into that valley and it was all planted. Now there are houses way beyond that gate. They've landscaped up into there too. All up into the dairylands was put into landscaping and subdivisions. There were all sorts of monkeypod trees and after it was all leveled to subdivide, we looked for the beautiful trees and there were none. They planted a coconut to be sure there was something.

Frances [MacKinnon] Damon, that's there now and writing about Moanalua Valley, is Mrs. Sam Damon's granddaughter and Mrs. Gertrude Damon's daughter. She's been married

and she and her husband separated so she went back to being Miss Frances Damon. She's living down on the Salt Lake knoll, alongside of her brother somewhere. Before the younger son came back here and before he got married and before the trustees up and sold blocks of land, one big block down by the airport was sold for something like four million. Later, they sold a little wee parcel of that for four million. Another group of Chinese got around Salt Lake, up around Tripler, all around up to Mrs. Sam Damon's home, for the sum of ten million. Now I hope it did not include the knoll that Henry Damon and Frances Damon's house is on because that was estate land and leasehold, not fee simple.

I cycled up Red Hill in days gone by and I've gone up Halawa Valley hiking with a group and I've driven up to the bottom of the knoll and then hiked from there up on the ridge when there was sugar cane on each side. That's all changed and it's been cut up into lots and getting ready for a stadium [Aloha Stadium] and they've put townhouses up on the right-hand side of Red Hill above the golf course. Under there, during the war years, they had tunnels and storage places under Red Hill. I've been in there and looked down into the entrance to the tunnel from the Halawa side and that's where all the business of World War II went on, in that tunnel.

Sam Damon's grandchildren--Sam, Henry, and Frances--had a big spread out bungalow-type of a house, beautifully landscaped, right back of our place. It was on a knoll and way high above. If you walked to their house, you looked over the whole ocean towards Waianae and Diamond Head. It had a name but I've forgotten it. When Henry Damon died, he owned that in fee simple, along with twelve acres on the back of his place, and he deeded that to his wife, Gertrude Damon. She was Scottish, born near Glasgow, Scotland. Her own name was Gertrude MacKinnon. She in turn left it to be a home for needy people who had been in good circumstances and were hard-up elderly people. She left all the contents to her oldest daughter.

Over the years, they didn't see any group that seemed to be ready to take over the home so Henry told me himself that they sold it to a church group. What they did with it was landscape it but they didn't build a church. They put that money aside so that at some future time they might still buy a home somewhere for these people needing it.

Of course, we have four or five homes [for the elderly]. We have three well-known ones here: Pohai Nani was built under the Methodists; Laniolu, under the Lutherans; and Arcadia, under the Central Union Church. And that was Governor and Mrs. [Walter Francis] Frear's home and they

left it in their will, I think, to Punahou School and Punahou School sold it, I guess, to the group that was putting up Arcadia. (comments about Arcadia edited out)

Charles R. Bishop was given a royal funeral in 1915 and Liliuokalani's body lay in state at Kawaiahao Church in 1917 for a whole week. They had these women from a certain Hawaiian sect. Her coffin was never left alone. The doors were all open and people could go in at any hour and walk around. When I went I stood for about three hours before I got anywhere near the church. There was no Library of Hawaii there at the time; there was no City Hall; there was no state building there, and from way back by the Judiciary Building and Kamehameha's statue, every bit of space in there was a solid mass of people, waiting to get into that church to see Queen Liliuokalani lying in her coffin. [Although she was no longer a queen at the time of her death, many continued to think and speak of her as Queen Liliuokalani.] That went on for the whole week.

I don't know when we started out that evening, but we ended up going from there to the dining room of the Alexander Young Hotel for a meal and it was the first time I had dined there. I had been in the little place at the side where you could drink tea. By the way, when I came it was the only place where you could get a decent cup of tea. All the tea served anywhere was green tea. There you could get black tea in a teapot--real tea, and the only place in Honolulu. And I don't think they served coffee, just tea and cakes and cookies, but they did have delightful, teetotal, flavored drinks. That night was the first time that I had seen people drinking beer out of steins with a lid and I noticed the lid going up by their ear. The lid has to be kept down between drinking times to keep the flavor in. I thought it was so funny.

When I came here, I used to see Queen Liliuokalani in a victoria coach with a horse and driver, driving around. And in the grounds of the University Club [on Richards Street, makai of Central Union Church], a very well-known Hawaiian lady, a Mrs. [John H.] Coney, used to live and she used to drive along in a phaeton with a horse. The Coneys were well-known wealthy Hawaiians. [John H. Coney was a planter, according to the 1892 City Directory] She [Laura A. Coney] had a brother on Kauai and two daughters.

I saw Mrs. Coney once in her house on the University Club grounds, next to where the old Central Union Church was at Richards and Beretania streets. Back of the wall, between the church and the garden, sitting in the shade, was this nice old house of Mrs. Coney's. She was a close friend of Mrs. [August] Ahrens of Waipahu and of a Miss Ayau's family that I know of. Miss Ayau worked in the bank with me and her grandfather was at one time Chinese

consul here. There was a relationship with the Coneys because she had a long crystal necklace that had been given to her. I think Mrs. Coney was her godmother or something.

Where the Pacific Club is now was built by Archibald S. Cleghorn for his Hawaiian wife, Princess Likelike, and James Campbell bought the home from them around 1878. [Interviewee corrected information given on tape.] Mrs. Campbell remarried after Campbell died and lived in the Diamond Head area somewhere. [Abigail Maipinepine Campbell married Samuel Parker.]

She had four daughters: Muriel, Mrs. Robert W. Shingle, was blonde and blue-eyed; Princess [David] Kawananakoa was tall, looked Hawaiian, and was goodlooking; Alice Kamokila Campbell was not quite so tall but a goodlooking lady; Beatrice Beckley [nee Mary Beatrice Campbell] was fairly tall but she was slightly different, a smart dresser but not as goodlooking as the other sisters. She's always lived away. She comes occasionally and takes a suite at the Moana Hotel or the Royal.

Her first husband, George C. Beckley, was part-Hawaiian. His family lived in Waikiki beyond Kapiolani Park area somewhere. For a time, George Beckley was a minor diplomat or ambassador in London for the Territory [of Hawaii] and I think he died away from here, then she married a Chicago fellow named [Francis L.] Wrigley. She married shortly after she was eighteen [on August 1, 1911 in San Francisco, California]. I remember seeing her before she left the Islands then and she was going away for a trip, [a world-tour with her stepfather, Colonel Samuel Parker, and her halfbrother, Ernest Parker.] Her chaperon was a lady from a well-known San Francisco family, Miss Kittridge, who was appointed by the court. Before Beatrice Campbell was of age she had to have a chaperon. Her father [James Campbell] had left a very strict will.

[Interviewee explained that Miss Kittridge was married but she could not recall her married name, only that her husband was an Englishman, the younger son of some titled man in England. They had one son.] Her son grew up in Honolulu and could have been one of Honolulu's Five Hundred, but he went to work as an electric tramcar conductor and he was great fun. He had a terrific sense of humor and he was, maybe, happy-go-lucky or maybe he had to scratch for money. I used to hear a fellow say, "I wish I had his brain." He was brilliant. He was always dressed immaculately and being a tramcar conductor was all he ever did.

Then he married a goodlooking Australian girl and, where the City Hall is now, she acquired a lot of property. She died, he never married again, and he finally ended up by retiring on Maui. He was quite a well-known person in town and was always very dapper, with a raincoat over his

arm and a walking stick. He looked like he could have been an earl or something. He dressed beautifully.

There were several well-known persons, like one who had been an editor of a paper on Kauai. He used to make the most terrific remarks to people getting on the bus. He was a conductor on a bus for awhile.

Then we had a big Negro who used to be directing traffic up at the corner of Fort and Merchant [streets]. At one time he was at Pauoa or some junction up there, getting the traffic from School Street and every which way, and everytime, between directing the traffic, he would do a sort of hula or jig. He was quite a character.

Before they started putting in all the traffic lights, they had policemen directing traffic. They didn't have light signals or markings on the roads for lanes and when I first came they had horse policemen and they used to go out in pairs. They didn't have motorcycle policemen. The police station then was at the corner of Bethel, fronting [Merchant Street]. And the Bishop Bank was within a hundred feet or so of it and each of our tellers' cages had a police button. If they didn't tell you when you came to work in the bank that there was a police button there, some of the tellers would hit it accidentally and before you knew it, we'd have the police force in the bank wondering what was up. There was a little excitement now and then.

Once or twice we had forgers come in and when they found they were being discovered they'd take off. On one occasion, the teller couldn't get around the corner fast enough so he jumped through a window after him, kept running, then the other tellers went too, down Merchant Street in the direction of the police station of all places. Jimmy Garvie, who was a big, tall, handsome part-Hawaiian boy, was running the hardest--it seemed like he'd almost catch up--and he called to a friend and said, "Hey, hold him!" He went forward and grabbed him, so they actually got that fellow. Some of these caused quite a bit of excitement in the bank.

In those days they weren't around with so many guns. Today they only have to pretend they have a gun and they're so afraid of the person [teller] being killed that they warn them to just give them the money rather than have them shot. Don't take a chance. But at that time they weren't running around with guns and there wasn't any amount of shooting going on. Of course, Honolulu was a small place then, compared to today.

Then the electric tramcar ran all the way to almost the end of Kapiolani Park and it ran down through McCully and McCully was a pegged road with nothing but duck ponds on either side, way below sea level. And along Kalakaua

Avenue, there were no houses, there were just date palms. When you came to Lewers, there were several houses on Lewers Road on the right and there were several beach houses, then there was this great huge open space and many trees in there and it was park-like. The Manoa Stream went down between the Moana Hotel and the Seaside Hotel where the Outrigger Canoe Club was. Beyond the Outrigger, just into the Seaside, was a road from Kalakaua Avenue that took the traffic down to Seaside--a little coral-filled road [Annex Road].

Then there was Kalia Road and Lewers and Fort DeRussy was private. There were no buses running through it. In fact, when I first came, DeRussy hadn't been built up. It didn't even have big guns in there. The channel had been made and there were just one or two places at the beach and no other buildings.

And what is now the Hawaiian Village was Cassidy's. Cressaty's was a separate place alongside of their's. Then alongside of that was a big house called, I think, "Welakahao" and a big bunch of boys in the bank rented it and had a cook. Then Mrs. Damon's big yard with a little old house on it and then the right of way and then what was Gray's Hotel, which was acquired by Kimballs and made into the Halekulani [Hotel].

Then [Clifford K.] Kimball acquired the Kaiulani Cottages which we used to stay in. Mr. [B. Franklin] Howland was, I think, an engineer and already in his sixties. He was in partnership with another Howland who was no relative and that other Howland was a Punahou School teacher. [Levi Cassius Howland] They leased the land and put up these cottages as a business deal. And this Mr. Howland married a trained nurse [Mabel Dean Howland] and had two children, I think, and he was very attentive to their needs. They were completely furnished cottages. He'd come along to see if you had everything you wanted. They had papaya trees growing there and he'd come and pick them and hand them to you. Very, very attentive to the needs of his tenants. Everyone there he took a personal interest in, to see that you were comfortable or if there was anything you needed, and he furnished everything. I've forgotten the rent we paid, whether it was eighty dollars a month; completely furnished two-bedroom cottage.

A widow who later married Ralph Clark of the Bank of Hawaii was living in one of the cottages with her mother. I stayed with Mrs. Walter Naquin, whose husband managed Honokaa Plantation, in one of these cottages once. She invited me to come and stay with her while her friend was away on a trip. We were directly across Kalia Road [between Lewers Road and Beach Walk] and a Mrs. Cross owned these cottages and rented them out. Halekulani also ac-

quired these cottages in there before the Imperial Hotel went up to take care of the overflow of tourists. She was a Miss [Ethel Ambrosia] Keating before she became Mrs. Naquin. Her husband was from New Orleans and he was French. He was Walter Pierre Naquin.

The first island I visited was Hawaii. Inter-Island [Steam Navigation Company] had been going for quite awhile then and they used to have excursions. For twenty-five dollars a whole weekend, from Friday night to Sunday night, it included two nights at the Volcano House and our meals all the time we were there, our boat fare, our train from Hilo to Glenwood, our bus from Glenwood to the Volcano, and back. Today, $150 wouldn't cover it. At that time, the owner [or managing partner] of the hotel was George Lycurgus's nephew, Demosthenes Lycurgus, and he was an old bachelor and he had a brother, Charlie, owned a little hotel in Hilo and he was a bachelor. George Lycurgus owned the Hilo Hotel [as well as the Volcano House and the Demosthenes Cafe in Hilo].

Demosthenes went back to Greece around 1919, maybe with the intention of picking up a wife, which he did. There was a flu epidemic in Europe, he caught the flu and died in a day or so, and his widow demanded her widow's rights so the Volcano House had to be sold. I don't know if George was here or if he didn't have enough money but Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company bought it and ran it for quite awhile but not successfully enough. So when they were going bankrupt [after the 1929 depression]. George Lycurgus bought it at auction for three hundred dollars.

What I was interested in was the personal interest the Greeks took. I forget how many hundreds went up on that trip. The boat was filled. The Volcano House was either two or three stories high [two, I think] and they had these cottages here and there out on a knoll. Each room in the cottage was like a dormitory, with single beds running in two rows down the room and you got your blanket and bedding. He [Demosthenes Lycurgus] would come out and address the group in a loud voice and would say, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you're interested in going to the volcano, we own the Volcano Stables and there will be a car leaving at such-and-such. You can walk down and ride back or you can ride both ways." Whether you rode one way or both, it was two or three dollars. They didn't provide you with a guide if you walked both ways but they did provide you with a lantern so you wouldn't get lost. I made that trip in 1912 with Edith Keating's older sister, Millicent Keating, a big, tall, goodlooking girl.

So we got over all right--there were loads of people going--and the trail was marked with white splatches on the rocks or lava all the way. There were deep gullies and

great clefts in the lava from some of the flows that had cracked. I don't know how many miles we went until we got to the crater. About eleven, we started back with our lantern and as we came up somewhere near this bridge, we had lost track of our markings and landed at a deep precipice, two or three hundred feet down, and across from us was a wall of lava. She got awfully excited and went into tears. I suggested we walk along the edge of the crack in the direction of the volcano, which we did, and we finally got to this little bridge, crossed over, and caught the markings and got back to the hotel. But if we hadn't come out, he kept track. He knew everybody, whether they had walked or ridden, and he would have sent out people looking for us. I thought that was marvelous. And the fruit and vegetables grown up there were so wonderful. Everything was excellent. Later on we went up to stay and the rent then was six dollars a day. I have not been to the Volcano House since 1935 and I haven't been since the new place was built so I don't know what it looks like now.

I have been to Kona a couple of times. I have never been all around the Big Island. I've been along the Hamakua Coast when they ran the railroad from Hilo. I spent a week in Hilo once and played tennis every day I was there at the different plantations along the Hamakua Coast. But I've never driven around the island. I took my car in 1935.

I only met the old Mrs. [James Wilson] Fleming [nee Effie Lundie] very briefly way back in 1914 or 1915 sometime. I was up at the top of Haleakala when the war broke out in August of 1914 [July 28, 1914], believe it or not. We heard the news when we came down from the top of the mountain. We went by car to Olinda and from there we rode horseback up to the top. It was prior to that that I met Mrs. Fleming and she and her husband were ranchers somewhere in Makawao. It was a beautiful ranch.

The old lady was very charming and she was telling me about her daughter and of course we're both Scottish. She was saying how, when this Mary was a little girl and was drawing maps, she was so disappointed because here they had given her this map and Scotland was such a tiny place. So she gave her some paper and said, "Now you make Scotland just as big as you want it." So she made a great big map of Scotland. She thought they had cut it down away from what it should be. To her, Scotland was a very important place--her mother's home. She was a very interesting old lady and they used to give parties for the people on Maui when she was an old lady. I think she lived to be over a hundred. They both were elderly then.

I think a great many of the family were born in Scotland and John [James Wilson Fleming], the stock broker,

came here when he was two years old. John lived on the other side of the island in Kailua, [Oahu] somewhere and when they first widened the road and made a division at the junction going into Kailua [Castle Junction], instead of making a decided wall, they made just a little curb that you could hardly see at night. He was driving fast one night and hit the curb with his car. His car turned over and he was killed outright.

I've been on Maui not too many times. Once I landed at Kahului and twice at Lahaina. I read once that quite a few people drowned coming off the Inter-Island boat at Lahaina, a long distance off, because the water was so shallow and unless people could swim or knew the place, some of them got panicky. If they'd stood up, they'd have been all right. Some boat got swamped when it hit a coral reef. Some people spilled out and two or three of them drowned. It seemed when you were coming in that you were miles and miles off shore, as if you're never going to make it. I don't think the distance was that great but it seemed like it because they were bringing you in, in a boat with oars, in that shallow water.

When they made that Mala wharf, they never tied up even though they made it for them to tie up. The cost for the short distance of tying up Inter-Island, they decided, wasn't worth it so they put you off in a launch at Mala wharf from the Inter-Island boat. The excuse they made was that there was a pretty fast tide-run or something. However, I heard that the real reason was the heavy charges and the short tie-up.

I've landed at Mala and rode ashore at Lahaina and I've gone out to a boat at Waimea [Kauai] and I've landed at Port Allen and at Nawiliwili. The only thing I haven't done and would like to do, but they don't do it anymore, is land at Papaikou where they landed you in a little basket from the cliffs. No, it was Laupahoehoe, [Hawaii]. The sugar was unloaded from the boat or from a cable.

Another time that I was lucky, I was coming from Kahului by the Mikahala on a Sunday morning and they put in at Lanai for three hours and put in at Molokai. They went in to load cattle. I was the only passenger on the boat. If I'd known enough, I should have got a taxi and done all the main sights of Lanai and a part of Molokai. Instead of that, I stayed on the boat. That was an unusual trip.

I went on an excursion with my mother and sisters up around the channel at Lahaina when the whole United States fleet was anchored there. We went up one way and came back the other side of Molokai and stopped in at the leper settlement. It was before 1920 and the then-superintendent of the Kalaupapa Leper Settlement was on board and that is why the boat detoured and stopped there. Boats came out

from the settlement with a whole bunch of them singing and they serenaded us as they circled our boat because they knew their superintendent was on board. Everyone of them was a leper but there were no signs of leprosy on them. Two of our bankmen were there. Joseph Oliver Carter, who is a very interesting person, was on board. In fact, he kept insisting he wanted to give us his deck cabin. We had a cabin--it was all cabins even if we were only cruising--but I thought we didn't need a deck cabin. Lots of well-known people in town were aboard on that trip, a whole boat load, and we had a nice smooth trip.

We took a slow cruise around Oahu and went by way of Mokapu and came through a channel between Rabbit Island and another island. The part-Hawaiian sea captain knew that channel and deliberately sounded a horn that raised all the birds from Rabbit Island. We had an extremely interesting part-Hawaiian on board who knew every Hawaiian legend and every part of Oahu and he kept telling us about it. The Inter-Island tried to hire him for cruises they made. He was a goodlooking, retired Hawaiian. I don't remember his name now. Of course we had music, bands, dancing, liquor.

I was interested in the Ward Estate auction. They had a huge warehouse down on Ahiahi Street and they were selling koa beds, Queen Liliuokalani's bed, paintings, and calabashes, silver and beautiful chairs. You never saw such a warehouse of stuff. Somebody asked me to go with them and there wasn't anything I was interested in except one painting of the Pali when it had an old little trail before the days of the automobile. When a horse and buggy would go down there, there had to be somebody at the back holding on to the buggy so it wouldn't run into the horse. A Mrs. Brickman, who was a Miss Cassidy, was standing beside me when I was looking at this picture and she said, "You know, my father-in-law, Judge Brickman, was taken over to Kaneohe as a cripple after an illness and he went down the Pali on that thing and they had men at the back holding it and went that way all the way down the Pali. It was so steep."

There was a Hathaway that went up on the Niagara when I did in 1922. Willis Hathaway got married to his secretary in 1922 and I knew her. I saw them get on and I never saw them again but I later learned that the popular place at the time, especially on these British boats during Prohibition, was the bar. Get up in the morning and go to the bar. That's where all the joviality and the fun was. I guess you could play cards there or sit at a round table and drink beer. That's where all the fun was so that's where all the people went and I never happened to go near the bar so I never saw them from the time they got on. And I didn't happen to see them when we got off

because then I was a British subject and my time was taken up by being examined by immigration and customs and what have you.

I didn't become a citizen until 1952 because everytime I would be thinking I was going for a trip, I'd be a person without a country if I took out my papers, so I thought it was much better to be a citizen of Britain than a person without a county. Then when I finally thought I would be an American citizen, I put in my application and two days later I got my request to come in for questioning. So I went to Fisher's to get a booklet on becoming an American citizen and I glanced at that and hunted all the papers to get the names of officials. They never asked me any of that. They phoned to tell me I had passed. As you go into the courtroom, you get questioned again. Judge [Jon] Wiig happened to be judge at that time. Admiral [Arthur W.] Radford was our chief speaker, giving an address on Americanization, and we each got a copy of his speech. And usually somebody comes around and gives each of you a lei and a flag. So I became a citizen.

END OF INTERVIEW

Transcribed and edited by Katherine B. Allen

The 1920 City Directory shows the following residents on Kalia Road in Waikiki:

2005 - Eliza (widow of John) Cassidy. Propriëtor, The Pierpoint.

2011 - Sophie (widow of Bechart) Cressaty. Proprietor, Cressaty's Cottages and Apartments.

2199 - Halekulani Hotel. Clifford Kimball, owner. Land leased from Bishop Estate.

2221 - Mrs. La Vancha Maria Chapin Gray. (Mrs. L. M. Gray)

2235 - B. Franklin and Levi Cassius Howland.

Other information obtained from the Archives of Hawaii:

Mrs. Gray's boarding house was variously known as Gray's Hotel and Gray's-By-The-Sea. On June 16, 1928 Gray's Hotel was purchased by Clifford Kimball, owner of the adjoining Halekulani Hotel, for $112,000. Kimball had leased the Halekulani Hotel land from Bishop Estate in 1917. On December 19, 1929 Kimball purchased the Halekulani Hotel for $250,000. Gray's-By-The-Sea was the inspiration for the first Charlie Chan mystery, The House Without A Key, by Earl Derr Biggers. Mrs. Gray, who had been an island resident for fifty-five years, died in Los Angeles, California on June 6, 1946.

B. Franklin Howland was an engineer with C. Brewer & Company. Levi Cassius Howland, whose wife was Mabel Dean Howland, taught business courses at Punahou School and was registrar from 1911 to 1916. During 1916 and 1917 he was acting president with his wife as his assistant. From 1917 to 1932 he was assistant to the president of Punahou School.

Katherine B. Allen, editor

Pacific Commercial Advertiser - Friday July 7, 1911 p. 8

ON POSTAL CARD FROM GAY PAREE COMES ALOHAS

From "Gay Paree" came a postal card yesterday which was signed by Col. Samuel Parker and A. Vizzavona, former consul for Hawaii. . . .

Colonel Parker is making a tour of the world with his son Ernest Parker and stepdaughter, Miss Beatrice Campbell, whose engagement to George Beckley of Honolulu was recently announced. . . .

PCA - Thursday July 13, 1911 p. 10 PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shingle plan to leave for San Francisco on Wednesday on the Wilhelmina to be present at the marriage of their sister, Miss Beatrice Campbell, to George C. Beckley. . . . Miss Campbell and her stepfather, Colonel Parker, are returning from Europe by way of Canada and will shortly be in San Francisco. The wedding is to take place the first of August.

Note: There is no mention of a chaperon accompanying Miss Campbell but she undoubtedly had one. Mrs. Robert Shingle, Miss Miriam Pond and Miss Mary Osborne were her wedding attendents.

Katherine B. Allen, Editor

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THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

In May 1971, the Watumull Foundation initiated an Oral History Project.

The project was formally begun on June 24, 1971 when Katherine B. Allen was selected to interview kamaainas and longtime residents of Hawaii in order to preserve their experiences and knowledge. In July, Lynda Mair joined the staff as an interviewer.

During the next seventeen months, eighty-eight persons were interviewed. Most of these taped oral histories were transcribed by November 30, 1972.

Then the project was suspended indefinitely due to the retirement of the foundation's chairman, Ellen Jensen Watumull.

In February 1979, the project was reactivated and Miss Allen was recalled as director and editor.

Three sets of the final transcripts, typed on acid-free Permalife Bond paper, have been deposited respectively in the Archives of Hawaii, the Hamilton Library at the University of Hawaii, and the Cooke Library at Punahou School.